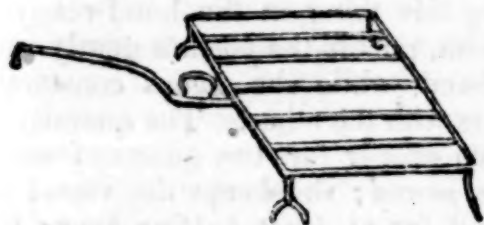


# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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"He that hath not oppressed any, but hath restored to the debtor his pledge, hath spoiled none by violence, hath given his bread to the hungry, and covered the naked with a garment: he that hath not given forth upon usury neither hath taken any increase, that hath withdrawn his hand from iniquity, hath executed true judgment between man and man, hath walked in my statutes, and hath kept my judgments, to deal truly; he is just, he shall surely live, saith the Lord."—*Ezekiel*.

## TO A NOBLEMAN,

*Whose name it is not necessary to mention.*

*Barn-Elm Farm, 17th December, 1828.*

MY LORD,

You have purchased of me some corn, for the purpose of planting in some part or other of your estates; and I address you now upon the subject of this corn as it will affect landlord, tenant, and labourer. If ever there were a man answering to the description of that passage of Scripture which I have taken for my motto, you are that man; and I refrain from naming you upon this occasion, not from any fear of being accused of flattery; but because I know from long, and, I cannot help calling it sorrowful experience, that you possess that unfortunate quality, vulgarly called shyness, so common amongst Englishmen; and so mischievous when it comes in company, and destroys the utility of spotless integrity, great stores of knowledge, and great talent into the bargain: because I know this it is, that I refrain from naming you on this occasion, when I am going to point out to you the vast benefits which must arise from the great change that the introduction of the corn-plant will produce in the affairs of agri-

culture, and the immense benefits that it must produce to the labouring part of the community; and, of course, to those who own the land.

I have, already, in my treatise upon the subject, pretty amply stated the uses of the Corn. But, I did not dwell sufficiently on one particular part, owing to a want of that knowledge, which I have since acquired upon the subject. In paragraph 156 of that treatise, I treat of the manner of making what the Americans call MUSH; and I give an account of the manner of making it, stating at the same time, that it is the great resource of the farmers and labourers of that country. I say a great deal upon the subject; I teach the manner of making the *mush*; I represent it as to be found in the farm-house, and in the house of every labouring man in that country; but, until within a fortnight I did not possess upon this subject the knowledge which I am now about to communicate to your Lordship, as an introduction to the arguments which I intend to make use of, with a view of inducing you, and every other landowner in the country, to cause the Corn to be cultivated as generally as possible.

Since I published my treatise I have learned, that the Italians are as much in the use of *mush* as the Americans are; and, indeed, a great deal more, it being in many cases their only food, whereas in America, every man has an abundance of meat. God forbid that I should wish Englishmen to live like Italians; but, I wish them to have plenty of food; I wish them to have meat as well as *mush*; and the way for them to have the former is for them to have the latter. The Italians call the *mush* POLENTA, which, in England, when the wort is made use of, is called POLANTY. This is the meal of the Corn coarsely dressed. Now, if we talk of prejudice, here we have an instance worth recording. Many a time, I dare say, has your Lordship at sumptuous tables in London and elsewhere, been

regaled with a dish of *polenta*, which is brought from no country but from *Italy*, and which is to be found in this gormandizing wen, in none but *Italian shops*, where it has a distinguished place amongst the great variety of ticklers of the appetite which come from that country. There is one of these shops established for the convenience of the great world in a street, called Welbeck Street, at which, done up in very nice blue paper, your Lordship's servant may obtain for you, a pound of *polenta*, for only one shilling, which is very reasonable when it is considered that it is brought all the way from Italy, purely to accommodate the palates of the nobility and gentry of England. But, at the shop of Mr. SAPSFORD, baker, in the very next street, that runs parallel with Welbeck Street, namely, Wimpole Street, No. 20, your servant may purchase a pound of much better *polenta* for three pence! But, it must be observed that this does not come from that classic country of music and painting, but from that vulgar republican country America. The Italian *polenta* consists of what we should call the pollard of the grain of the corn-plant, the floury part being taken out. Mr. SAPSFORD's *polenta* consists of the flour of the grain; but, I dare say, that he would be very willing to accommodate the nobility and gentry, if their prejudice were to make them prefer the pollard to the flour.

This, however, is the plain fact; that, this pollard of Corn forms a principal part of the food of a large portion of the Italians; and I am now going to do my best to cause it to form a large part of the food, or at least, a considerable part of the food, of the people of England, as it does, under another name, of the people of America. I derive the information which I am about to give, directly from Mr. SAPSFORD; he derived his information from great numbers of Italians, who have gone to his shop to get the *polenta*. In Italy it is thus used, or rather, in the first place, thus made: Two quarts of water, or, a larger or smaller quantity in proportion to the quantity of *polenta*, are put into some proper vessel, saucepan, pipkin,

porridge-pot, and so forth; and there the water is brought to a boil. The operator then comes with a stout spoon, or, which is better, with a wooden thing made in convenient form; and she, having this thing in the hand ready to stir with, puts in the *polenta* gently with one hand, while she keeps constantly stirring with the other. The quantity of *polenta* proper for two quarts of water is one pound; she keeps the vessel on the boil for at least half an hour; the Italians say three-quarters of an hour; Mr. SAPSFORD has found half an hour enough; but that is because his *polenta* is fine, and more farinacious than that of the Italians. While the boiling and stirring is going on, the cook, if she will be pleased to have the goodness to do it, will sprinkle into the boiler a little salt, which appears to be necessary to give the cookery more firmness; and I believe it is better to put this salt in with the water at the first going off. When the *polenta* has boiled during the proper time, it is poured out into a bason or bowl, and there suffered to remain until it be cold. When cold it is turned out (the bowl being turned upside down), into a dish; and there it is, solid as a piece of fresh butter, and not very much unlike it in appearance, except as to colour.

In this state the Italians keep it always ready in their houses, just as we keep a ham or a cold meat-pie; and they go to it when a stranger arrives, or when something is wanting on a sudden to be eaten. It is as solid as a lump of butter; and you take a slice, as you would take a slice of pudding. Sometimes, and many times indeed, it is eaten cold and without any further cookery, and in this way it is given to children, and is eaten by poor people. But, there are various ways of applying it. In two ways I use it: put under roasting meat, instead of what is called a Yorkshire pudding, and fried in the same manner, as cold pudding is frequently fried. In this way it is excellent. No man will eat bread with fried meat if he have *polenta* properly cooked. Here is no trouble: the thing is always at hand: a quantity of it is prepared at a leisure



moment; and if not wanted for immediate use it will keep for a week; and in winter perhaps for a month. If milk be used instead of the water, the *polenta* is better of course, though perhaps it might not keep so well. If made with broth, or with any rich extract from meat, it would be richer of course, though the same objection might exist with regard to keeping. But, it is about *feeding the hungry* that I am thinking, and that I know your lordship will like to think. Therefore, it is the water, which costs nothing, and the salt, which now happily costs so little, that I wish to rely upon.

One pound of corn-flour, that is to say, coarse corn-flour, rejecting merely the broad bran, will make **THREE POUNDS** of this solid and substantial food! The two quarts of water weighs about four pounds, the corn-flour one; but the weight is reduced to about three pounds by the long evaporation. Now, my Lord, pray look at this. The pound of corn-flour, though it must be sold for three pence to leave a sufficient profit to a person who keeps a shop in a high-rented part of London, and who has to pay taxes, parochial as well as general, and to pay work-people with high wages, may be on an average of years, and indeed even this year, be estimated as costing a farmer or a labourer, who is always within reach of a mill, not more than one penny halfpenny a pound. I am selling my corn for seed; and, with the exception of a small quantity, which I mean to grind, and to send as a present to Mr. SPSFORD, I should think it a sort of sin to use it in any other way than as seed. But, the Americans will send us plenty; even the Canadians can spare some; and here are, for the farmer or the labouring man in the country, three pounds of solid food for three halfpence.

I beg your Lordship to be pleased to compare this to the wretched potatoes; which, bought out of the sack, *dirt and peel* and all, cost, on an average, even in the country, more, pound for pound, than this excellent food; ay, than this dainty food at the tables of the nobility and the gentry of London. A bushel of

corn, a very prime American corn, will weigh sixty pounds. Of my corn, the bushel will weigh fifty-seven pounds; or, taking it at its lowest, fifty-six. This bushel of corn will make fifty pounds of *polenta*; that is to say, fifty pounds of flour, taking out the coarse bran; for, you will please to observe, that the Italians call the thing *polenta* as well before it is cooked as afterwards; and I must now stick to the word *mush*, which English people will like better on account of its brevity; and stick to the word meal for the thing in its dry state. A bushel of corn then will make fifty pounds of meal, and a hundred and fifty pounds of *mush*. When the value of the corn shall be generally known in the country, the price will be half-way between barley and wheat. The best wheat is now about eleven shillings a bushel; the best barley about five and sixpence. Good American corn is not now dearer than the barley; but, if the uses of it were generally known, the price would be eight shillings and three pence *the bushel*. Here, then, are a hundred and fifty pounds of *mush* for eight shillings and three pence, which is less than three farthings a pound. A bushel of potatoes, skin, dirt, and all, weigh fifty-six pounds, which, at the same price as the *mush*, make them amount to three shillings a bushel. This bushel of stuff contains only *one-tenth* part of nutritious matter, the rest being according to an analysis, which I have published over and over again, earth, water, and fibry stuff, which has in it no nutrition at all. So that the fifty-six pounds of potatoes, cannot, at the very utmost, be looked upon as giving more than ten pounds worthy of the name of food, while the bushel of meal gives a hundred and fifty pounds of good hearty food. Enthusiasm, if people will call it such, will lead a man a great way in the forming of his opinions, and even in his taste and practice; but, I declare most solemnly, that I like the *mush* or *polenta* better, and a great deal better than bread, or than any other thing that can be made out of the flour of wheat. It is the most convenient food in the world. It is at all times ready; and, as to the

trouble and expense of preparation, I beseech you to look at them, compared with the trouble and expense attending the cookery of potatoes; ay, and even the trouble and expense of making of bread. But, if there were no other fact to be stated, in support of that for which I am contending, is it not enough that we know, that all the people of that vast country, which has made such astonishing progress on the other side of the Atlantic, are in the constant habit of using this food; and if this were not enough, is it not enough for us to know, that the whole country of Italy, including Naples and Sicily, are in the same habit equally constant? This of itself would be conclusive; but I state my own experience; and I put it in the power of the public to verify the fact.

Think then, my Lord, and I know you will think and look upon it as your duty to think, of the great blessing that the introduction of this food would be to the labouring classes of the community. Bread, or something equal to bread, being obtained by them at this easy rate, meat and beer would become obtainable by them also. As things now stand, they have hardly a sufficiency of bread, and nothing but bread. Their very existence depends almost wholly upon the crop of wheat and oats. It is well known that the poor creatures in the country carry nearly their all to the chandler's shop to give it in exchange for the loaf, which comes to them taxed, with the profits of the corn Quaker, the meal Quaker, the flour Quaker, and the labour and expense of the baker; to which is super-added the profit of the merciless devil that keeps a chandler's shop. Think, then, my Lord, of the inestimable blessing to the poor man, whose bit of ground, say only ten rod, may be made to produce him from six to ten bushels of corn, capable of making (supposing it to be eight bushels) four hundred pounds of meal, and twelve hundred pounds of *mush*; that is to say, *more than three pounds of mush for every day in the year!* For grinding four bushels of corn, I give eighteen pence at the windmill on Barnes Common. I dress it myself, and sometimes grind it, hav-

ing conveniences for the purpose. In the country it would be ground and dressed for eighteen pence, so that this *ten rod of ground*, with an expenditure of three shillings to the miller, will yield the labouring man three pounds of *mush* a-day for every day in the year; three pounds of London dainties; and, forty-eight pounds of bran for his pig.

This may seem to some a monstrous exaggeration, and the effect of enthusiasm, and of fondness for reputation as a great discoverer. It is none of these. Eight bushels may be raised upon ten rod of ground with such care as so small a space would admit of. I estimate it at nothing less; because any man, be he who or what he may, who has the occupation of ten rod of ground, may, if he will, raise eight bushels of corn upon that ground. And, he will want no corn-cribs; he will easily find the means of housing and preserving the corn: the ears tied in bunches and hung about his cot, supplies the place of granary and barn: he rubs the grain off by the fire-side in the winter evening without the assistance of the candle; and, if a *paper-mill* be near, the husks, if not wanted to make him beds, will more than pay for all his labour, and for whatever portion of rent may be ascribed to the land. Here is no exaggeration at all; and if the labourers be not taught to do this, let not the owners of the land complain of the poor-rates.

I will now, my Lord, address myself to you in your capacity of a LAND-OWNER, a capacity in which you have not only a deep interest to consult, but a serious, a solemn, and a most imperious duty to perform. BURDETT, in that letter to the people, for which he was prosecuted, and for which he finally got a three months' walk on the outside of the King's Bench, LAWYER SCARLET, having, as the newspapers told us, *shed tears* in his anxiety to save the honourable man; BURDETT told the people, that every landowner held his estate as a *retaining fee* for the performance of his best exertions in the defence of the people's rights and liberties. The Baronet was, at this time, in a fit of the right sort; and this was about the best



thing that he ever said in his life. Of all their duties, however, none is more sacred than that of taking care, if it be possible, that they have a plenty of food. Because if they have not this, they are tempted to commit crime, and to plunge themselves into all sorts of danger, disgrace, and infamy. If they have not a sufficiency of food to preserve life, they have, if refused relief, a *right to take the food where they can find it*; and this I have proved beyond all contradiction, in my little work called "*THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND*." To take care, therefore, that they have a sufficiency of food, is a duty on the part of the owners of the land; for, let Mr. WILMOT HORTON say what he may, and let MALTHUS cant and bellow as long as he pleases, the land is held *charged* with the maintenance of the necessitous poor.

Of all this, you, my Lord, are thoroughly sensible; you know that the doctrine is sound; and, far as relates to yourself, you have always acted up to the full mark of this doctrine. But, the desirable thing to do is to prevent, as much as possible, the existence of necessitous poor; and this may in a great measure be affected, even during the remaining existence of this abominable system of paper-money, by teaching the poor how to provide for themselves; and, by *putting into their hands the means* of beginning the good work.

In this work the *interest* of the Landowners goes hand in hand with their duty. If the introduction of the Corn make the labouring people better off, it will make them more contented, make them yield a more willing obedience to the laws, make them blush at the thought of theft, and make it once more a shame for men to have their names upon the poor-book. I am aware that, here, the alteration which I anticipate with so much delight will have to encounter the deadly hostility of the far greater part of the bull-frog farmers. This description of persons naturally prefer dependent and miserable labourers, whose wages are paid according to the scale recorded in the poor-book. It is not the renting farmer that pays the poor-rates, which fall, at last, upon the consumers

of the produce of the land; but which the farmer, the renting farmer, deducts from his rent, and does not pay at all, except as the mere agent of his Landlord. But, here is the true cause, my Lord, of the oppression of the poor: the renter having deducted a hundred pounds, suppose on account of poor rates; having *stopped* this on its way to the Landlord, he gives the poor only fifty out of the hundred, resorting to all sorts of cruel schemes in order to effect his purpose, and, by way of apology, complaining everlastingly of the weight of his rent. Now, the labourers are as fifty to one in number to these bull-frogs; and, the question of humanity aside, I should prefer the kind feelings of fifty of my neighbours to the hypocritical and bare adulation of one of them. If I were a great Landlord, I would take care, I warrant you, not to have the curses of this immense majority.

But, to the present point: the bull-frogs will be very suspicious of any thing that has a tendency to better the lot of their labourers. Monstrous as this may appear at first sight, reason tells us that it must be so. If the labourer, any married labourer, had Corn growing upon ten rod of ground, he would instantly become less dependent than he was before; and if this were general, wages would rise in proportion to the quantity of labour performed. If a proposition were made by some foreign prince, now, for instance; or, as that is an utter impossibility, suppose that, by some accident, every labouring man in England were to get an annuity of five pounds, the bull-frog farmers would deem it a prodigious calamity. Ten rods of ground employed in the manner above described, would be much better than five pounds a year to be expended at the chandler's shop. The labourer, having experienced the sweets of ten rods, would never rest till he got forty; and there would be a couple of smart pigs fattened, and the *mush* besides. Such a man, the bull-frog will easily perceive, *will not be a slave*; he will be pretty much like the labouring men in America; that is to say, will work on no man's land without having his due

share of the produce of that land in exchange for his labour. The consequence of this will be, my Lord, that the race of bull-frogs will gradually disappear; small farms will return, and the country will be in a state somewhat resembling that of former happy times. And, would not such a change be beneficial to the Landlords? Would it not be better to have twenty tenants than one? I remember my LORD KING telling me in the year 1822, when the bull-frogs were tumbling down in every part of the country, that the small farmers paid their rents well and punctually to the last farthing. I heard the same from several other Landlords; and I was very much pleased to hear it. The truth is, that it is not only better, more honourable, more satisfactory, more conducive to good morals, has a greater tendency to make a happy people, that the tenantry should be numerous, than that five or six farmers should be formed into one; but, it is infinitely more *safe* for the Landlord. Small farmers live within themselves; they have no speculating and no discounting; they know what money they have by looking into their drawers; there is little risk in trusting them. Besides, here are a whole neighbourhood of friends to the Landlord, and cordial friends too;—a friendship founded in mutual interest: here are numerous acts of kindness to be performed by him; and he has the respect and love of scores and scores, instead of the envy and the sort of half-rivalship of two or three aspiring bull-frogs, whose wives and daughters spend one-half of their time in criticising the conduct, the persons, the manners and the dress of the female members of his family. It was the accursed PITT system that produced this state of things; this race of speculators and discounters; and, they will exist in part as long as that system shall exist; but the cultivation of the Corn-plant would greatly diminish the numbers and powers of this cruel race. From ten rods the industrious labourer would gradually get on to ten acres: the Landlord would soon find it his interest to make the ten acres into a small farm. The independent

state of the labourers would prevent large farms from being formed again; and, in a short time, thievery and even poaching would disappear, or diminish to the trifling degree in which they existed in former times. We should soon cease to hear of men being chained like cattle to draw gravel; and, in short, the labourers would be here, pretty much like what they are in America; and in a great degree independent; but, at the same time well-behaved, honest, and above seeking relief from the Parish. Some necessitous creatures would always be found, and must be found in every society; but these would exist in very small numbers, and charity would once more return to this country so famed for its benevolence. It may be thought by some, that so great a degree of independence in the labouring classes, would make them unruly and ungovernable. Is it the happiness and independence of the labouring classes that make them unruly and ungovernable in Ireland? The bull-frogs will say this, however; for, when I called a vestry once, in the Parish of BISHOP'S WALTHAM, to propose that we should apply to the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, as Lord of the manor, to give us leave to make little enclosures on the waste, to settle married labourers thereon, and to give them the land, three of the bull-frogs objected to it expressly on the ground that it would make the labourers "*more saucy than they were,*" saying that they were "*saucy enough already.*" No one except a Mr. JENNINGS, a schoolmaster, voted with me in favour of the proposition. One of these bull-frogs was done up by the cheap corn of 1822; another of them shot himself about the same time; and what has become of the third I do not know. They *were too saucy* already. Now, if they had become saucy as they had been growing poor, mine was a measure to make them more civil. But the great proof is to be drawn from America, where obedience to the laws, implicit and willing obedience to the laws, is the great characteristic of the people. With the exception of the resistance to the excise law, which took place in Penn-



sylvania in the year 1796, there is no instance of a riot in the United States of America from the birth of the government to the present hour; and as to demeanour of the labouring people, it is so exemplary, marked by such uniform civility, that it is an object of admiration with all foreigners, and a subject of praise with all such as are candid or just. It is an old remark, that slaves are insolent; a thousand writers have stated this as a maxim; and yet the maxim has had no effect upon the minds of the rich people in England.

If, my Lord, I have succeeded in convincing you, that to introduce the cultivation of the Corn-plant, would be of the greatest benefit to the country, and particularly the introducing it amongst the labouring people themselves; there will remain nothing for me to do but to point out the mode of causing this cultivation to be general amongst the labourers in the country, who have, almost always, more or less of land in their hands, or at their command. In WILTSHIRE, the Landlords, and even the farmers, have found it necessary in order to produce some little mitigation of the burthen of the poor-rates, to let small pieces of land to the labourers; and I saw in that county many large fields fallen into a sort of common fields, thus let to the labourers at very high rents, for the purpose of enabling them to raise *potatoes* for themselves. Even this was good policy, miserable as was the produce. What then would be the effect, if the land were applied to the raising of the Corn. There is scarcely a country labourer who has not from ten to thirty rods of a garden. Let them begin with their gardens, where the Corn will be safe, and where the produce will be prodigious.

The only thing that remains to be done then, is, to *furnish them with seed*; and, I will here describe *my intentions* in this respect, without pretending to originality; for, I got the idea from a *Lady*, who purchased a lot of Corn to take into Lancashire in order to *distribute it among the poor people who had gardens* in her neighbourhood. I do not believe that the thought would ever have

been conceived in any country out of England, and in England by very few *men*. Acting upon this hint, it is my intention to have prepared in the month of March next a small parcel of the seed to be given to every labouring man, and every journeyman-mechanic in the parishes of BARNES, MORTLAKE, PUTNEY and WIMBLEDON, the first being the parish in which my farm lies, and the other three being the parishes which adjoin it. In what manner I shall make the distribution I do not yet know; but, "where there is a will there is a way." Besides this, I will proclaim to these poor people, that if any one produce a plant having more grains upon it, than any plant which I shall produce, I will give him a premium of some sort for that plant; and, I think I shall be able, without taking any great trouble about the matter, to excite a degree of emulation that will establish the cultivation of the Corn in these parishes for ever. I leave others to pursue their own method, having just stated these my intentions.

From what I can perceive, the clergy of the Church are very much alive to this subject, notwithstanding the *source* of the discovery. The truth is, that they have a little more time for reflection than most other people: they see further into consequences; and if they felt nothing on the score of humanity, their interest would point out to them that which they are doing in this respect. They are great landowners, and with clear estates, too; and that which is their interest, must be the interest of every landowner.

In conclusion, I beg your Lordship to think of this matter. I intend, which I had forgotten to mention, to give to each labouring man, as before mentioned, a few grains of corn, wrapped up in a little paper upon which I shall print short instructions for the planting and cultivation; and I will have a great number of these papers printed, and sell them at a very low price for the convenience of any gentleman who may do the same thing. I will also have printed on the same paper, short instructions for using the produce, especially in the form of *MUSH*.

In the hope that your Lordship will not think it beneath your dignity to lend your hand in this great and good work,

I remain,

Your Lordship's most obedient, and  
Most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

### INSTRUCTIONS

*For making and using MUSH, or, as the Italians call it, POLENTA.*

TAKE two quarts of water, and put them into a saucepan or pipkin. Make the water boil; then put a little salt into it; then take a pound of CORN MEAL, and let it gently fall out of one hand into the *boiling* water, while you keep the water well stirred, by a spoon or some other utensil, held in the other hand. Let it boil for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it stirred all the time, and taking care that the meal does not adhere to the bottom of the vessel in such way as to cause *burning* to take place. The quantities may be greater or less, according to the wants of the family, but the proportions are to be the same.

When the boiling is over, pour the MUSH out into a bason, a bowl, or some deep dish. When quite cold, turn it out, upside down, into a dish or plate; when it will be solid as a lump of fresh butter, or nearly so.

Slices, about an inch thick, or less, are exceedingly convenient to fry in dripping, in suet, or in the fat of bacon; or, for the more delicate, in butter or lard. It may be eaten cold, whether before or after frying. A slice, or slices, put under roasting meat or baking meat, supply the place of a Yorkshire-pudding, and are better than that. A slice laid in a cheese-toaster with cheese upon it, either cut or scraped, makes the best welsh-rabbit that can be conceived. There are various other modes of using the MUSH; but here are quite enough.

### DOCTOR DOYLE.

I HAVE written an answer to the letter of this prelate; but I found it too long to be inserted this week, without shutting out either the above matter, or

a large part of the rest of the matter contained in this letter; and therefore, I defer the publication until next week.

### COMMON COUNCIL.

THERE is a great stir, I find, relative to the proceedings of the next St. Thomas' day, at which I do not wonder: it is just like the *remué-ménage* amongst the rats when you are approaching to the bottom of the mow, and when they hear those wincings which indicate the anxious eagerness of the dogs. In FARRINGTON WITHOUT, the ward in which I have the honour and happiness to have a shop and a *gite*, there appears to be an absolute commotion going on. The old corresponding society-men, who had the good luck to escape hanging along with WATT and DOWNIE in Scotland, are addressing their prayers to the *tories* of the ward, and imploring them as they love their King and their God, "not to vote for such men as COBBETT and HUNT." As far as relates to myself, I should not much mind joining them in the supplication, for, if I am chosen, I shall perform the office from a sense of duty, and from that only; but, without ever having spoken to Mr. HUNT upon the subject in my life, previous to the offering myself; and without wishing to coalesce with him in any way whatever connected with this matter, I shall think it my duty first, to support him; and next, to show by my own offer of services, that I do not wish to assist in imposing upon him any burthen of which I was not willing to bear a part. I have before described some of the evils of the present description of Common Councilmen; I shall more fully describe these and other evils when I meet the people of FARRINGTON WITHOUT face to face. In the mean time I insert a most excellent speech of Mr. M. SCALES, who has, it appears, offered himself as a candidate for the office of Common Councilman for another ward of this very great and most grossly oppressed and abused city. I cannot, of course, know any thing of the facts to which Mr. Scales particularly alludes; but in



all his general remarks relative to the present management of city affairs I most cordially concur; and I recommend to my readers, not only in London, but throughout the country, an attentive perusal of this speech of Mr. SCALES. It is high time that some alteration took place in the choosing of a body of men, who have passing through their hands, in one way or another, sums, every year amounting to about a fortieth part as much as the sums which pass through the hands of the Ministers, the Parliament, and the King. To cause this alteration to take place, I shall certainly do my best. If Mr. HUNT and Mr. SCALES be elected we shall have a change; and a change for the worse is utterly impossible.

On Friday evening a numerous Meeting of the inhabitants of Aldgate took place at the Crown-and-Magpie Tavern, in Aldgate High-street, on the subject of the representation of the Ward in Common Council, and for the purpose of adopting a Petition to the Commissioners of Sewers for the construction of a common sewer in the neighbourhood. Mr. John Pewtress was called to the Chair.

Mr. P. SILVESTER rose to propose the following Resolution:—"That Mr. Michael Scales, for the consistency of his political principles—for his manly spirit in the protection of the property of his fellow-citizens—for his determined resistance of oppression upon all occasions—is a fit and proper person to represent the Ward in the Court of Common Council." He prefaced this motion by some observations upon the resolute manner in which Mr. Scales uniformly resisted every attempt made by public bodies to harass himself and his fellow-parishioners.

Mr. ADAMS seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN declared that he was taken quite by surprise, as he had no idea that such a proposition would have been made. As, however, it was made, he considered it his duty to state that he had known Mr. Scales for upwards of twenty years, and always found him to be a most respectable and worthy tradesman; and although he (Mr. Pewtress) had opposed him on last St. Thomas's Day, he would vote for him on the next, in the consciousness that the Ward would be benefited by his exertions.

Mr. DEATH also bore testimony to the spirited and able conduct of Mr. Scales on all public and private occasions.

Mr. SCALES then addressed the Meeting in a speech which was frequently interrupted by cheers and roars of laughter. He felt it, he said, to be incumbent upon him, to give some explanation of the circumstances under

which he offered himself to the notice of the assembly. He felt deeply degraded at the present condition of the representation of the Ward, which sent into the East-end Parliament men to whom the inhabitants would not be warranted in trusting their most trivial private affairs, in consequence of the lameness of their judgment and capacity. (Applause.) He would make use of a phrase which might be thrown in his teeth as a professional barbarism, but appeared to him to be better adapted to the people of whom he spoke than any other, and had been already used by a gentleman on his right (Mr. Findlay). The whole five were not worth a bunch of dog's meat. (Loud laughter.) The gentleman to whom he had alluded had given him liberty to use this comparison, and to add, what seemed to him to be a most extraordinary anomaly, that he (Mr. Findlay) should, nevertheless, vote for the five of whose value he had formed so just an estimate. (Loud laughter.) Such was the consistency of the men who were makers of Common Councilmen. They voted for those for whom they not only felt, but expressed, the most revolting contempt. (Cheers.) During the past year he had taken a very active part in securing to every person in his business the enjoyment of his private property, and he believed he had the approbation of every one of them whose approbation was worth a farthing. He had been engaged in a law-suit of considerable magnitude with a Public Company, and much of his time had been occupied, and injury had been done to his trade in consequence; but he had succeeded in his resistance to that imperious branch of the aristocracy of trade, and overwhelmed the Directors by the very means which they thought would have protected them against the indignant spirit of an individual. (Loud cheers.) Those who knew him knew that in standing forward as a candidate for the Representation of the Ward, he sought not the foolery of City honours—he sought not City dinners either, to which the Court of Common Council had made so many proselytes, and which had so many advocates in the bloated Corporation of the City of London, from the ponderous Sir William Curtis down to the servants of his Lordship's Mayoralty. (Laughter.) He never had eaten or drunk at the public expense—the City cooks had never laboured to pamper or stimulate his appetite, and never should. He never imposed upon a parish the expenses of a gorging-bill—he never sat down to drink expensive wines upon the pence of the indigent, (loud cheers,) or upon the contributions of his fellow-parishioners, who were, perhaps, less favoured by fortune than himself. He sought not the Representation of the Ward for the purpose of administering to his appetite or to his ambition. No, he thought that much might be done in the correction of existing abuses; and if any man who professed and practised political principles such as he was known to be directed by, were proposed, he would in-

stantly resign all pretensions to the distinction, pay all the expenses of this election, and render him every other assistance that might be required, in order to secure an election of so desirable a nature. (Laughter and cheers.) Here Mr. Scales gave a most ludicrous description of the manner and phraseology of one of the present Representatives. That worthy Gentleman, in a moment of despondency, resulting from the perpetual cramming of the stomach, said to him, "Ah! I must soon give up my office—there's no standing this here bub and grub. I used to be able to do it, but I'm — if I can go it now. I don't go to a gorge now above once a fortnight, and then I takes physic a day afore and two days arter it, for my bowels can't bear it no longer by no means." (Loud laughter.) It was, Mr. Scales said, generally supposed that he was particularly adverse to Mr. Peter Perry. That he most particularly denied. He voted a plumper for Mr. Perry last year, and always found him a warm supporter of every thing which was calculated to serve the parish; indeed, the only man who seconded the propositions made for raising the rates of the rich, and lowering the unconscionable and grinding demands upon the poor, (cheers,)—a man worth a cart-load of the others. No. His efforts were, he would publicly declare, directed against Mr. Carter, who had been twenty years ago brought forward as a Representative, principally by his (Mr. Scales's) efforts, and who, at that period, professed the political principles which embraced the public good. Mr. Carter, with the spirit of a true renegade, had disbanded all those pretended notions of popular benevolence. He now considered reform, that solitary remedy for the disease of the Constitution, as a mere humbug, not only deserving opposition, but contempt and ridicule. (Cheers.) It was against that man he armed himself—it was against that man he appeared, with no private, but with a long public resentment, founded upon the notorious abandonment of those sentiments which described self as sometimes subordinate to society. (Loud cheers.) He (Mr. Scales) was also opposed to Deputy Colebatch, the gentleman who was described by some of his friends as a chip in porridge, a most palatable article truly; but that expression was not quite applicable to the subject. The worthy Deputy was a supple instrument in the hands of Mr. Carter, and was famous for aiding in the illustration of every kind and humane intention of his worthy prompter. (Laughter and cheers.) Mr. Scales then alluded to the efforts made by several members of what he called the "guttling corporation," to induce him to sacrifice his property, and by doing so to sacrifice the property of his neighbours under the pent-houses in Aldgate High-street. The enormous penalty of 1200*l.* was spoken of to him—the interests of his family were pathetically described, and every argument was used to lead him to a disposition to have mercy upon

himself. (Loud laughter.) He, however, was determined to be unkind to himself. He resisted—the Lord Mayor fined him 11*l.*; and at the London Sessions that fine was confirmed, and he was told that in charity to him the rest was remitted. In charity! What could the Lord Mayor and little Jef, and the blubber-headed fellows who sat upon the bench twisting about their empty noddles, do? Oh, if it were as easy to fill the head as it is to fill the belly (loud laughter)!—what could they do? The form of a conviction was passed through, to be sure. He was told that he was fined, and they wrote it down that the defendant was convicted; (laughter;) but did they dare to look after the money? Why did they not send down to his slaughter-house to seize his oxen and sheep, and furniture, in satisfaction of the debt? He begged they would do so; but if they had complied with his desire, he would soon have given them such a dose, as never corporation was able to digest. (Laughter.) Mr. Scales proceeded in this strain for some time, to the infinite amusement of the Meeting. He then adverted to the duties of Common Councilmen. He longed for the time when he should have the opportunity of holding a little conversation with the Recorder upon his pleasant tour to Windsor with his lady, and the speculations which he thought probably were made upon the degree of agony caused by the delay. He thought that in the Court of Common Council, some notice should have been taken of this extraordinary freak; and if he were in that assembly, he would, before this, have said and done something on the subject which would, at any rate, show that the Court was possessed of the common feelings of humanity. (Loud cheers.) The thanks of the Meeting were then voted to the Chairman, and the Meeting separated, after having transacted some other business."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE correspondent who sends me, cut out of a London paper, an extract from one of the speeches of the member for Clare, urges me to resort to the *Law* against him whom he so justly denominates a "ruffian." The shortest way is, to insert the paragraph itself here, and also the note of my correspondent.

"I deeply regret that the ears of the Meeting have been shocked and insulted by the name of that savage, Cobbett. (Cheers.) After all the outrages that that miscreant has been guilty of—upon public and private feeling—upon public and private reputation—the fell monster has again returned to strike at, and lacerate the



“feelings, of all those persons who  
 “claimed, by friendship or by relation-  
 “ship, to be interested in the fate  
 “of the late talented John Bric.  
 “—(Cheers.) *This monster, whose*  
 “*very home-inmates groan under the*  
 “*most afflicting domestic tyranny, has*  
 “*been threatened as an affliction upon*  
 “*the Catholic Association.* The Ca-  
 “tholic despises the miscreant. (Loud  
 “cheers.) The man whose name was  
 “without a blot—whose life was as pure,  
 “and his character as untarnished, as  
 “that of any other man in society, has  
 “been brought again before the public  
 “eye, as a subject for the ferocious and  
 “ribald jests of one of the greatest mon-  
 “sters that ever disgraced any age or  
 “nation. (Loud cheers.) Sir, when this  
 “assembly is told that it should regard  
 “the censures of such a practised and  
 “incorrigible liar—of such a living  
 “libel on the human species—I have  
 “not patience to listen to the Gentleman  
 “who gives his warning. (Cheers.)  
 “Let not the name of this beast (for  
 “man I will not call him, after his a-  
 “trocious merriment over the grave of  
 “my friend) be ever again mentioned  
 “in this Association, if it be possible  
 “to avoid it. (Cheers.) I shall ob-  
 “serve, in conclusion, that I hope in  
 “this assembly never again shall any  
 “member utter the name of Cobbett  
 “above his breath. He is, as he should  
 “be, an outcast from all that is respect-  
 “able and dignified in society, and a  
 “disgrace to the literature of the age.  
 “I regret that my name has not been  
 “placed last on the list, for I should  
 “then take my revenge, by redoubling  
 “my exertions on behalf of my country.  
 “—(Loud cheers.)”

My correspondent says, “O’Connell  
 “has said these things of you; will you  
 “indict or prosecute the ruffian for li-  
 “bel? If you do, I think the lines in  
 “italics would be a thousand pounds  
 “damages at least. Think of it.”—I  
 “have thought of it; and my thinking in-  
 “stantly produced this result; that I  
 “should be ashamed to live, if I thought  
 “that my character, or my interests, could  
 “possibly be injured by any thing that  
 “this man could say; that I should be

ashamed to attempt to degrade an Eng-  
 “lish court of justice, by bringing him  
 “before it; and that I should be still  
 “more ashamed of the degradation that  
 “I must suffer by an appeal to any court,  
 “where the presence of such a man has  
 “been tolerated. What do I want more  
 “than this relative to this man? He de-  
 “clared to the people of CLARE, upon the  
 “word and honour of a gentleman and a  
 “lawyer, that, if elected by them, he  
 “could legally sit as a member of the  
 “House of Commons; and after having  
 “expended fourteen thousand pounds of  
 “the *rent* upon that election; and after  
 “he and his associates have actually paid  
 “upwards of fifteen hundred pounds out  
 “of the same rent to one single newspa-  
 “per of his own setting up; after all this,  
 “the shameless wretch is coming on a  
 “mission, the object of which is *to obtain*  
 “*a law to enable him and other Catho-*  
 “*lics to sit in Parliament:* thus pro-  
 “claiming himself to the world as the  
 “greatest fool, or the greatest knave, that  
 “the world ever heard of. Is such a man  
 “worthy of an answer? Could I say,  
 “with truth, that such a man had done  
 “*damage* to my character? To present  
 “a declaration, or an indictment, against  
 “him, would be to state what I knew to  
 “be false. When the viper hisses, or the  
 “toad ejects its venom at us, do we answer  
 “in words? Do we use *arguments* with  
 “the assailant? No; we either turn  
 “away, or, with stick or stone, knock the  
 “reptile on the head. If O’CONNELL  
 “were placed conveniently within my  
 “reach, I might, perhaps, thus answer  
 “him; but other answer from me he shall  
 “never have, in *my own behalf*; though,  
 “if he come on his mission (which I be-  
 “lieve he will not), I may show him up  
 “in the way of sport. The truth is, he  
 “feels that I have destroyed him: he  
 “feels it; and he raves, as is natural for  
 “him to do, under such circumstances;  
 “and if any one call upon me to arrest  
 “the curses of “this dead dog,” I say,  
 “as was said of SHIMEI, “let him  
 “curse.”

SEVERAL Gentlemen have written to  
 me, requesting of me to give them my

advice relative to the soil and situation adapted to certain trees. I should have great pleasure in answering all these letters; but a hundred times the time which I have to spare would not suffice for the purpose. I wrote *THE WOODLANDS* because I wished to have a book to which I could refer all those gentlemen who did me the honour to consult me upon the subject. It was the numerous applications of this sort that I received that stimulated me to write the book. In that book I have given a full account of all that I know upon the subject.

I have treated of the nature of soils and situation, and have given instructions for the propagating, the cultivating, and the application of the several sorts of timber-trees and underwood. In short, I have taken the seed of every tree, and shown how it is to be managed to be made into a tree; how it is to be raised in the quickest and surest manner, and the uses to which it is to be applied after it has arrived at perfection. Having done all this; having made a very complete book upon the subject, I, while I urge no one to lay out his money upon that book, hope that it will not be thought unreasonable if I decline essays upon the subject through the channel of the post. I do believe that I understand more; that I possess more useful knowledge relative to agriculture, tree-planting and rearing, gardening and domestic management, than any *one* man in England; and I have communicated the whole of this knowledge, at a lower price than such a mass of knowledge was ever communicated before. All the books put together, of which there are five; the *Woodlands*, the *English Gardener*, the *Year's Residence in America*, the *Cottage Economy*, and the *Treatise on the Corn*, containing altogether upwards of two thousand pages, all original matter, are sold for the small sum of *one pound thirteen shillings and sixpence*; and if I were to include *TULL*, which I have in some measure revived, it would make the sum total only *two pounds eight shillings and sixpence*; and I say that there is no gentleman in England, no farmer, no gardener, no

tradesman even, that ought to be ignorant of the contents of these books, with the contents of one of which every labourer ought to be acquainted; and if it were read to the country labourers from the pulpit, it would produce more real good than has ever been produced by all the sermons that Doctors, Bishops, Deans and Parsons have been preaching for these hundred years. This allusion to *Cottage Economy* reminds me of a letter of a correspondent, who, some time ago, very earnestly requested me to write a book on *Economy* (I do not mean saving money) that might engage the attention of persons in the middle rank of life, who, as he insisted, stood more in need of *principles* upon this score, than the labourers themselves did. Several years ago, and particularly in the year 1819 (before I wrote *Cottage Economy*), I had thought of doing the very thing recommended by my correspondent; but when I came to consider of the matter in detail, I found that it was a much more ticklish affair, than the speaking to mere labourers was; and I desisted on account of this impression upon my mind. It is, however, a duty to do it, if one is able; for large as is the quantity of misery in this world, no small share of it arises from the mere want of principles whereon to proceed in the conducting of the affairs of a family: and I really do think that when I get a little leisure I shall perform this duty at last. If I do, it will be under the title of "*Advice to Young Men*," and incidentally to *Young Women*. Here, of course, I should take the boy and follow him along till he became a grandfather. The delicate matter would be, what advice to give with regard to the management of a certain member of the family, of whom none but batchelors will ever speak irreverently. However, I will not anticipate difficulties; the work, once begun, I shall trust to Providence to conduct me safely through it.

#### MR. FRENCH'S SPEECH.

I copy the following speech of Mr. FRENCH from *THE MORNING HERALD*



London Newspaper, because this speech expresses the feelings and opinions of all the Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland, with the sole exception of those who want what they call *emancipation*, for the purpose of getting their hands in amongst the taxes. The Catholic aristocracy and the greater part of the Catholic lawyers are of this description. Mr. FRENCH has thus made his protest against them; and THE MORNING HERALD has done him the justice to make this protest public.

#### FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

YESTERDAY evening a monthly Meeting of the Members of this Society took place, at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings.

Mr. FRENCH, having taken the Chair, addressed the Meeting as follows:—Gentlemen, I never seat myself in this Chair, at your invitation, without feeling, however small the audience, something like a sentiment of pride, conscious, as I am, that, whilst the general cause of Reform is daily advancing amongst all classes of the community, you are not altogether displeased at my feeble co-operation in disseminating its principles. It has been asked in this assembly, what is Radical Reform? what is its definition?—To such an inquiry, Gentlemen, if any person, so consummately ignorant of the thing, should perchance be present, I would reply—Look around you, survey the British Constitution from its very summit to its very root, and and point out, if truth and candour will permit you, one single part—I will not say that flourishes, but that is not absolutely cankered with corruption.—(Applause.) If such a felicitous discovery can be made, Gentlemen, I shall be the first to acknowledge that there is both guilt and folly in the title we have assumed—that we have made use of words too strong and violent—that they are by no means adapted to the expression of our sentiments; but, Gentlemen, if this noisome and fetid putrefaction in the body of the State be visible to every eye, and tangible, as it were, by every hand, does it not, let me ask, savour more of madness than of wisdom to inquire what is Radical Reform? Gentlemen, upon entering the majestic temple of St. Paul's, you read an inscription over the chancel, which imports that, if you wish to form a conception of the fame and talents and glory of its architect, you have but to turn your eyes around—*Circumspice*.—You turn your eyes around, and you instantly behold it; but, Gentlemen, conduct a stranger into the temple of the British Constitution, and point out to him, if you can, one single vestige of its glory—one standing column of its grandeur.

No, Gentlemen; he will behold nothing but heaps of ruin; nothing is to be seen there but the busy borough-monger wandering up and down its desolated aisle, bartering away the liberty, the prosperity, the glory and renown of England. However, Gentlemen, not to dwell too long upon this enormous growth of State wickedness—thanks to the penetrating genius of a fellow-labourer in the same glorious field in which we are all struggling—an approach has at length been made to the most inveterate part of this disease—a part, Gentlemen, which at once will give to those inquirers who affect ignorance some faint idea of what we mean by Radical Reform. You have all read, I presume, that masterly composition, the petition of Mr. Cobbett concerning tithes. You are all aware, Gentlemen, that it is a petition of the most momentous nature to the friends of civil and religious liberty throughout the universe. I say the universe, Gentlemen, unless any person present should be prepared to contend that the tithe system of the Church of England is loaded with opprobrium by Englishmen alone, and is not, at the same time, the living scandal of the whole Christian world.—(Applause.) Gentlemen, it is a petition which at the first glance may, to some tender and scrupulous consciences, seem to entrench upon sacred ground; but it is one that will be acknowledged, upon a little closer inspection, to border rather upon piety than sacrilege; unless perchance, in the judgment of any Christian present, to restore to the poor their patrimony be one of the daily sins that cries to Heaven for vengeance. I shall merely observe, Gentlemen, in addition to what I have said upon this subject, that the Catholic who, in the true spirit of liberalism, puts, as has lately happened, his hand upon his heart, and assures his Protestant brethren that he does not ardently wish for the overthrow of such a full-blown system of iniquity as the tithes of the Church of England, is (and I appeal to every Catholic present for the truth of what I say) false to his conscience, false to his country, and false unto his God. That Catholic Gentleman is not to be found in this realm, who, if he were returned to Parliament, would not exert all his influence, all the vigour of his eloquence, to procure the restitution of those shamefully diverted tithes to their original current;—I mean, Gentlemen, to those three distinct purposes so luminously stated by Mr. Cobbett. Gentlemen, he is not a Catholic, who, if he had it in his power, would not disencumber at one sweep the land of his forefathers of such an enormous load of criminality. He is not a virtuous Protestant who will not admit that there is, at least, in the superstition of the Catholic religion (if so it must be called in compliance with the prevailing fashion), one glorious superstition which ought never to have been eradicated by the sweeping hand of the Reformer—a superstition under whose sacred shade the poor of old took shelter be-

fore the days of the boasted Elizabeth—a superstition, in one word, that never could have been eradicated from this soil, if the crying sin of defrauding the poor had presented the same terrors to the conscience of the Protestant Parson as it had done for ages to that of the Catholic Priest. Such, Gentlemen, is the salutary horror instilled by the Catholic religion, as to that crime of inconceivable magnitude, of diverting the inheritance of the poor, that in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in England of old, in every Catholic country—when the day of revolution has brought on the day of reckoning between the plunderer and the plundered, after the keenest, the most prying investigation by the people, into every species of defalcation on the part of their contaminated aristocracy—to the eternal glory of the Catholic religion, and to the eternal shame of Protestant England, be it said, all the sacred charities of their forefathers have uniformly been found to be untouched, unpilfered, undiminished—ay as if they had been sheltered, not by the superintendence of man, but by the hovering wings of some guardian angel of the land.—(Applause.) Now turn your eyes upon the charitable institutions of this country at the present moment. Gracious God! if the true spirit of Christian zeal and piety be not totally extinct amongst them, is there not, let me ask, one slumbering spark of honour, that by such keen reproach as this might be awakened and aroused in every Protestant bosom? Is there not some sense of shame that might enkindle a blush on the hardened cheek that was never dashed with remorse? Is there not some feeling of humanity still left to make them reflect and weigh the transcendent merit of the founders with the abominable iniquity of the perverters of such heavenly charity, and make them shudder at the disgraceful contrast? Let them look at these noblest institutions as they were founded by the Catholics, and as they are at present administered by their unhallowed descendants. Blush, I say, England—blush at the comparison and, if you be worldly wise, shut out for ever from your unreformed Houses of Parliament the descendants of those Catholic founders of all that is virtuous and good, and great and glorious in the institutions of your country. The progeny of men like these cannot sit there and behold such delinquency, and remain silent with an unupbraiding conscience. Gentlemen, there are two subjects, so intimately connected with the interests of civil and religious liberty, that you must naturally expect, before I sit down, that I should make some few observations concerning them. The first is, the meeting of the Brunswickers on Penenden Heath; and the second the Meeting of the British Catholic Association at the Freemasons' Tavern. You all remember that, at the late meeting of the British Catholic Association, after some very elegant compliments paid to us as Radicals, a number of very poignant obser-

vations and biting sarcasms were passed upon his Grace the Duke of Newcastle; and you may remember also that our Noble Chairman, upon that occasion, whose depth of intellect can be sounded by no ordinary plummet, seemed to be particularly delighted with these observations of his coadjutors. Now without intending to institute any comparison as to the intellectual endowments of these two Noble Personages, I hope I may be able to state, without offending any Gentleman, that I could wish from my very soul (I speak politically, not in a religious point of view, and therefore I hope it scandalizes no man), that the Duke of Newcastle with all his attributed mental insignificance, was a Catholic, and that the Duke of Norfolk was a Protestant; (I speak politically. Gentlemen, not in a religious point of view;) and I could also hope that the Earl of Winchelsea was the General to conduct our operations, and infuse vigour and unanimity into our Councils; and that Mr. Sec. Blount, with the whole lumber of the Catholic Association on his back, not excepting the infernally dull-headed scribbler of a journal, might be sent over to superintend the manœuvres of the enemy. But, Gentlemen, notwithstanding this superiority of the Brunswickers in every point of intellectual advantage, I must own that I, for one, feel no depression either at our late discomfiture on Penenden Heath, or at our future prospects, when I reflect that long before the Meeting Lord Gort had told us he had seen a Bill actually prepared by the Minister for our emancipation, and that it was one adapted to his taste; and when I reflect, Gentlemen, that his Grace the Duke of Norfolk has since signified his willingness to accept securities and conditions, and of course, I have reason to believe that it is not unadapted to his taste—ay, to his preconsulted taste.—(Applause.) I conclude from this circumstance, Gentlemen.—logically conclude—that it is a Bill by no means suited to the taste of the genuine Catholic; it is an emancipation which I am persuaded the whole Catholic Body will, with one overpowering voice, resist and combat against, as being rather an instrument of exasperating tyranny, than as a boon conceded to pacify indignant millions. It is an emancipation that will prove acceptable alone to Catholic Dukes, who lay the foundation stones of Protestant Churches;—(applause;) to Catholic Lords who voted for the expulsion of Dr. Milner from the Association of Catholics; to Protestant Dissenting Catholic Lawyers who wrote the ever scandalizing blue books; and, last of all, to a few Catholic Clergymen who, to speak of them in the gentlest language, have ever shown, by all the actions of their lives, that they prefer sublunary to celestial grandeur. To these guilty underminers of the best interests of my religion, I, Gentlemen, had the boldness, at their Association, to express the indignation of a Catholic to their faces; to tell them what I thought of their perfidious conduct—to tell it with a



voice (if I may make the poetical allusion) that made their infernal Pluto to startle on his throne, seeing, as he did, the light of day thus let in upon his dark machinations. — (Applause.) “What do you say, Mr. French? Are we not going the straight forward way? Does not our petition pray for unconditional emancipation?” — “Yes, my Lord Duke, I replied, you are, indeed, going in a straightforward way, but it is for a devious object. You, my Lord Duke, like a man going before a Jury for damages, lay them, as you ought, in such an unparalleled case, at an incalculable sum, but you have made up your mind to accept a poor a miserable peculium, that will not pay the cost and trouble of the suit; least of all, my Lord Duke, the vast, the prodigal expenditure of conscience. This, my Lord Duke, is the straight forward way in which you are going — this is the straightforward way in which you have bidden your charioteer, Mr. Blount, to drive you; he has followed your directions, and in his furious premeditated course, like the proud wife of Tarquin, has trampled underfoot the venerable body of his Mother Church, that lay prostrate in the dust.” — (Applause.) I therefore, Gentlemen, viewing these things, can look at our defeat on Penenden Heath without the least inquietude or dismay, convinced as I am that, had the result been different, that different result would, most infallibly, have produced a fettered emancipation, fundamentally injurious to the Catholic religion. As it is, Gentlemen, it has raised new energies, both in England and in Ireland — the consequence of which is, I begin to hope, that the doctrine of securities and conditions is crushed for ever. It was obvious to every liberal-minded Protestant on that day that the primary wish of the Catholic Aristocracy was to embody itself in the present system of corruption, in order to participate in its sweets and profits. Why, Gentlemen, such was their eagerness to conciliate the good graces of the borough-mongering faction, that by a most admirable stroke of political dexterity, worthy of these profound gentlemen, they desired their orator upon that occasion to assure the assembled freeholders of the county of Kent that they loved taxes, hated Radicals, and deprecated all Reform. Turning away, therefore, with ineffable disdain from the tyrannical Brunswickers on the one hand, and the fawning Catholic Aristocracy on the other, instead of drooping with grief, I can soothe my imagination with the loveliest object that ever presented itself to cheer and gladden the desponding spirits of an Englishman. Yes, Gentlemen, I call it the loveliest object; and I call it also, notwithstanding her tremendous bulk, (for I must personify it) the predestined mother of Liberty, though she is unquestionably the daughter of the most unjust, rapacious, and un pitying tyrant — I mean, Gentlemen, the big-swollen National Debt. — (Applause.) Think you that the

Whig or the Tory, or the National Debt, will, in the end, prove the grand buckler of the Catholic cause? No, I am sure you will say, Gentlemen, it is not from the hollow exertions of the Whig or the Tory, those two insatiable vultures, that prey alternately on the carcass of the Constitution, that slaves who are the sport of both of them expect to be emancipated. It is not, I say, by their hollow exertions; but it is alone, Gentlemen, as Mr. Cobbett has frequently predicted, to the National Debt that we must ultimately look; indeed, if I might speak my sentiments with the usual freedom, I declare for myself, as an individual, that I would infinitely prefer to remain degraded as I am, and insulted every day I live, in this my state of bondage, than generate my sighs for freedom unaccompanied by Reform in Parliament. — (Applause.) These two events, Gentlemen, must be coeval, or, as a staunch Radical, I candidly confess, liberty itself would have no charms for me. — (Applause.)

Several resolutions were proposed by different gentlemen, and carried unanimously.

Mr. HETHERINGTON, a Protestant, spoke at considerable length, and with great energy, in praise of Mr. Cobbett's History of the Reformation. He was glad to find that Protestants and Catholics were now arriving at a state of perfect concurrence on points of highest moment to the interests of both, if they could not agree upon points of religious faith. The tithe-system was an intolerable unchristian burden. He himself earned his livelihood with hard toil, and the exertion of his own ingenuity; but the Parson, upon the supposed failure either of his toil or ingenuity producing their usual fruits, would he consult the gentle precepts of the Gospel, or the rigour of some act of Parliament? Daily experience, he observed, was the best comment on the Christianity they practised. He was not yet tired of his religion, but he owned he had long been tired of tithe-devouring Parsons.

The Rev. Mr. SPOONER and Mr. GRADY spoke a considerable time with much eloquence. — The Meeting then adjourned.

### COBBETT'S CORN.

THERE are at No. 183, Fleet Street, acre bags of seed at thirty-two shillings; half-acre bags at sixteen shillings each, quarter-acre bags at eight shillings each, bunches of ears nicely tied up at two shillings and sixpence each, and single ears at sixpence each.

The manner of cultivating and of using the Corn is fully explained; minutely explained to persons of the most ordinary capacity, in my work just published under the following title. “A

"Treatise on Cobbett's Corn, containing instructions for propagating and cultivating the plant, and for harvesting and preserving the crop; and also an account of the several uses to which the produce is applied, with minute directions relative to each mode of application." Price 5s. 6d., illustrated by three plates. This book leaves nothing to be asked upon the subject. Any other man can cultivate the corn as well as I can. The title-page and table of contents of the book are printed upon *paper* made of *husks* of the corn of my growth this year! As stuff for paper only, an acre of good corn would, to any paper-maker, be worth more than *ten pounds*. A friend has just sent me an extract of THE GLOBE newspaper of the 1st Dec., which extract is really curious as applicable to this subject. "Letters received at Plymouth from Lower Canada, to the end of September, describe the harvest there as a failure, from the heavy rains which fell without intermission for nearly seven weeks. These letters speak highly of the Indian Corn, 'about which COBBETT is busying himself in England.' It thrives in all weathers and in the hardest soils. It is generally used in CANADA in preference to any other grain. When ground and boiled in milk, it makes a delicious meal."—Thus the reader will see that the harvest had failed, at the end of September, just as it had here; but the corn harvest *had yet to come*; and the CANADIANS felt no uneasiness about the failure of wheat and other grain! Just thus would it have been in England this year, if corn had been in pretty general cultivation. That it will be in such cultivation in about four or five years no man can doubt, and the wonder with every one will be, that it never was in such cultivation here before. In the mean while, those who take to the cultivation first, will, as they ought to be, be the greatest gainers. I have already sold seed enough, I dare say, to plant more than a hundred acres, and that too, in a hundred different places. And, a circumstance which, I must confess, has been to me an agreeable disappointment, a

considerable part of the purchasers have been *clergymen of the Church of England*, who, in this respect, at any rate, are, while they doubtless consult their interests as they ought to do, performing a most sacred duty to their country.

#### WRITING PAPERS.

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Printed by William Cobbett, Johnson's court; and published by him, at 183, Fleet street.